

BY SAMUEL COATE ATKINSON, No. 112 CHESNUT STREET, BETWEEN THIRD & FOURTH STREETS, AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE—17 COUNTING-ROOM ON HUDSON'S ALLEY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"TO DIE IN GAIN."

Of a discourse delivered by the Rev. M. the death of the Rev. Samuel Doughty, Oct. 3, 1923. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, last clause of 21 verse.

Again to die—ah yes 'tis gain,
Then Christians meet their fate,
As 'tis surely sweet to reign,
In heaven's exalted state:

Where saints and angels long proclaim
The glories of th' eternal name.

To die is gain—all earth's alarms,
All cares and sorrows cease;
Death to the good man, brings its charms,
For't grants him sweet release;
His spirit wings its flight
To regions of celestial light.

'Tis gain to die—the sacred word,
Loudly this truth proclaims;
Let sinners learn, or feel the rod,
That heaven's dire vengeance frames;
God's mighty arm will ne'er be staid,
'Till sinners low in dust be laid.

'Tis gain—thou dear lost one to them,
Thou immortal gain,
In heaven thou dwelt'st thy spirit's free,
From earthly cares and pain;
Thy sweet display's full many a gem,
Plucked from the royal diadem.

Celestial spheres fan thee now,
And waft sweet incense round,
No troubling thought hangs o'er thy brow,
Where all is calm profound;
Cherub and seraph join their voices,
And with thee, round the throne rejoice.

Again thy sire, thy long lost sire,
Receives thy glad embrace;
While heartiest joy, and holy fire,
Light up his heavenly face;
And hosts of angels join the cry,
Twas surely gain for thee to die.

THE GRAVE.

A temple, fair and lone—
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep
By Cyprus branches thrown—"HEMANS.

Beneath the shadow of yon aged tree,
Where weeping branches, drooping low lie,
Where, undisturbed by night like revelry,
A gentle stream, meanders morn'ning by;
A new made mound of grassy turf appears,
The silent story of its inmate's doom—
The sad remnants of "departed years,"
In sorrow spent, now closed within the tomb.

Sleener, around a sacred stillness spreads,
Awaking feelings dead, in dark array;
While smiling flowers rear their blushing heads,
And tell that once she bloomed as bright as they;
That once, she shone 'mid sorrow's bow and hall,
Diffusing gladness from a heart of joy;
A brilliant star of heaven's own coronal!
A spirit from the realm on high!

Infused one's secret heart the morning sun—
Diffused its brightness o'er thy virtue rare,
Swept the dust from the veil of thy beguile,
To blossom sweetly, 'neath its fostering care,
When in that bosom, where no long had slept
In lovely purity, thought enshrouded,
Love, tender-like, disguised, inaudible crept,
And stung the breast on which it had reclined!

Sleep on, fair creature! 'tho' thy sleep be death;
The damp, cold grave, thy favored resting place;
Thou'lt wake to that voice, and still thy much-loved breath,
And claim and motionless thy form of grace;
And 'tho' no more, the secret-heaving sigh,
Thy money bosom shall, unconscious, swell;
The prayerful tear suffuse thine azure eye,
Or dawning looks thy heart-felt sorrow tell.

Silently thou live—where grief is never known—
The saddest moments of the sorrowing heart,
And e'en unshadowed presence—all have been—
Afflictions cast to thee no pang import!
A wreath of glory round thine cheeks is light,
Extinguished thy brow with golden bliss;
No yarrow leaf shall mar thy pure delight!
Oh, 'tis, 'tis thine, unending happiness!

Perhaps, when twilight's somber shades have thrown
Their penitential shadows o'er thy lone retreat,
Or plaintive Cynthia's pensive beams, have strewn
Their shadowing o'er 'em, romantically sweet;
Some once-loved friend, may musing, wander here,
From memory's friend, affections dear recall;
And o'er thy tomb the sympathetic tear,
And weep, that thou wert doomed so soon to fall.

Be no, farewell—yet, I have known thee, when
Thou'lt childhood hadst the well-beloved name;
Adorned, e'en now, each word, and look, and gleam,
And remembrance of thyself can gleam!

SENEX.

THE SOJOURN.

He daily round the sun had gone,
When I, a wanderer hasting on,
A cottage light caught,
So cheering was that glimmering light,
It seem'd to call me from the night,
In happy home to hide.

Arriving at the cottage gate,
I told my love, benighted state,
And ask'd the road to town;
"Nay, nay," the answer reach'd my ear,
"Ye shall receive my warmest cheer,
So here, my friend, get down."

Being welcome'd thus, and venturing west,
I soon became a smiling guest,
Within that humble dome,
The generous are and only wife,
And children full of joy and life,
All spoke a happy home.

The fire, with fuel ne'er supplied,
Sent forth its heat no e'erly aid,
And hearts began to melt;
And their words were wondrous kind,
The manner told the open mind,
Whether they said they felt.

The mantle o'er a mystic show
Of profiles, in a sombre row,
My curious vision found;
A mystic show—and this was why,
There more was meant than met the eye
Or simple thought could sound.

The parents were the gentils then,
That gave instruction to my son,
And int'rest drew from thence;
And not a single child was there,
But saw in each a certain air,
And in the whole a sense.

The history ended, once again
I meditated on the scene,
And all was then expression;
Each seem'd an active living off,
And each was telling of itself,
No neighbourly digression.

The profile mystic now being o'er,
The gun, that hung above the door,
Supplied them new relations;
Then fishing furnish'd other themes,
Of pike, and perch, and bait and streams,
And many a favorite station.

Then supper came upon the board,
As good as health could e'er afford,
Which, having spoken grace,
We all partook in perfect peace,
As though our joy should never cease,
And face ne'er part from face.

All men are wanderers here below,
And all the good will shortly know
One home in endless day—
Then sure 'tis best, when'er they meet,
As brethren each the other greet,
And cheer each others way.

LOVE.

With man, love is never a passion of such
Intensity and sincerity as with woman. She is
a creature of sensibility, existing only in the out-
pourings and sympathies of her emotions—every
earthly blessing, nay, every heavenly hope will
be sacrificed for her affections. She will leave
the sunny home of her childhood—the protect-

ing roof of her kindred—forget the counsels of
her sire, the admonishing voice of that mother,
on whose bosom her heart has been nurtured—
do all that woman can do consistently with hon-
our—forsake all that she has clung to in her
girlish simplicity for years; and throw herself into
the arms of the man she idolizes. He that would
forsake a woman after these testimonies of affec-

tion, is too gross a villain to be called man. The
wrath of heaven will pursue him—the brand of
Cain is upon his brow, and the curse of Judas
will rankle at his heart. Unrequited love with
man is to him never a cause of perpetual misery—
other dreams will flow in upon his imagination—
the abstractions of business, the meteor of am-
bition, or the pursuit of wealth, will win him
away from his early infatuation. It is not thus
with woman. Although the scene may change,
and years, long, withering and lingering years,
steal away the rose from the cheek of beauty,
the ruins of a breaking heart cannot be amalga-

rated—the memories of that idle vision cannot be
obliterated from the soul—the pines, nerves
herself away with pride, and pines away again,
until her gentle spirit bids adieu to the trappings
of earth, and flits away into the bosom of her
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"President Adams" again produced an explosion
of feeling similar to those that had preceded,
but again diminished, by repetition, in its force
and energy. He was dressed in suit of light
drab cloth, his hair well powdered, with rose
and bag, like that of Washington. He passed
slowly on, bowing on each side, till he reached
the "speaker's chair," on which he sat down.

Again a deep silence prevailed, in the midst of
which he rose, and bowing round to the audience
three times, varying his position each time—
then read his inaugural address, in the course of
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the Emancipator of the Turks, the Albanians,
Serbia, Macedonia, and Bulgaria, protrudes one
great branch eastward, the Balkan, which con-
tinues until merged in the Black Sea. Before
himself, reaching its eastern termination in the
Bosphorus, the Balkan reaches into minor
ridges, in a gorge of one of which stands the
military post of Shumla, as it is written on Ar-
rison's map of Europe, or Shumla on Her-
rison's map. At N. lat. 43° 45, about 85 miles
nearly west from Varna, on the Black Sea, by
the road, and about an equal distance 70 from
Sofia, and Rudschuk, on the Danube.

The great road from Constantinople into
lower Bulgaria, branches at Shumla, the right
extending to Silistria, the middle to Rudschuk,
and the left to Nicolich.

Shumla has been very improperly called the
Thermopylae of Turkey. It is in itself very
strong, but standing upwards of fifty miles in the
inland it cannot prevent the passage of an army.
According to the last accounts the Russians had
passed it and had reached Eski-Stambul, 30
miles nearer Constantinople. Shumla, like Luga-
burg, Ehrenbreitstein, and Maasricht, is of
great value as a defensive post from the danger
to an enemy of leaving it in the rear. In the
present case it is again peculiarly important, as
preserving the communication between the cap-
ital and the line of fortresses on the Danube;
such as Silistria, Rudschuk, Gingenro, Siston, Ni-
colich, and Wladimir.

The Turks first became firmly established in
Europe about 1256, and between that period
and 1396, had subjected all the country. Con-
stantinople, excepted, from the Egean sea to the
Danube, as far as Belgrade. Since the latter
period no Christian army has been able to
pass the Balkan. In 1395 the Christians met a
severe defeat at Nicolich, from the Turks, under
Bajazet. They were again defeated with great
loss at Bulgar, in 1412, by Sultan Murad.

In 1444, the Hungarians, Germans, and Poles, un-
der Ladislaus, King of Hungary, reached Varna,
where they were met by the Turks, under Amurath
II. Ladislaus, Cardinal Julian, the Pope's
Legate, and upwards of 10,000 men fell.

The present march of the Russians is the first
serious attempt made since 1444 to pass this for-
midable line. In the eye of a military man, the
defeat at Nicolich, and the Russian occupation of
the last accounts would be inevitable destruc-
tion—but, on the other hand, if Shumla, and Varna,
all the advantages of Silistria, Rudschuk,
and Nicolich be lost, Adrianople is a city of
too great magnitude to be defended, and in every
respect is utterly unimportant in a military point
of view. Therefore, if the Balkan is turned the
fate of Turkey must be decided by open field
battle.

The Russians will in case of success, reach
the Maritima sea west of Constantinople, and
render nugatory the fortresses of the Bos-
phorus. I must close, by hazarding the assertion,
that the Emperor Nicholas is either a consum-
mate general, or he is most daringly rash; he
must have had almost mortal certainty of success
when he marched his army to Shumla, or he
must have forgotten the campaign of 1812.

WILLIAM BARBY.

The PATENT OFFICE at Washington is
thus noticed in a quarterly journal, devoted to
the useful arts, and published in this city:

"If we have not greatly misunderstood the
subject, the Patent Office, and the superintend-
ence of that office, are of much more impor-
tance to the U. States, than they have generally
been supposed to be. This office is already,
not only a museum of inventions, but a vast de-
pository of modifications of all the mechanical
powers, and their adaptation to the useful arts,
in connection with land labor, team power, wa-
ter power, and steam power; together with an
immense multitude of contrivances, with refer-
ence to almost every purpose of common life—
of machinery variegated without end, accom-
panied with new compositions of matter, and
new combinations of parts. And yet neither
are all the mysteries of nature unfolded; nor is
the mind tired of the pursuit of them. New in-
ventions, and modifications of old ones, are still
pouring into the Patent Office, in growing num-
bers from year to year.

The ad which men of sagacity derive from in-
cidental suggestions of others, may be further
illustrated by a recent instance. Mr. Brewster,
the ingenious mechanician, after having spent
some time in the Patent Office, examining the
models, &c. said to Dr. Thornton, the Superin-
tendent that they were worth millions of dollars,
that they were of incalculable value to the real-
ization of the great mechanical power of the
inventions, of which, before he had had
idea, and was in consequence now so enabled to
improve machinery, as to reduce the price of
spinning wool, from eight, to one cent per
pound. The Dr. Thornton says, he actually ver-
ified in the short space of three months from
the time. Other instances of a similar kind are
known to have occurred.

The mechanical powers, though few in num-
ber, are susceptible of an infinite variety of ap-
plications, both in the simple and combined
state. Our conceptions of this fact, may be
much enlarged by the consideration, that these
powers are necessary even for the making of
tools to use the powers themselves, as well as
tools and instruments for other purposes. More
than fifty years ago, John Kilbourn, Esq. of
Colchester, in the State of Connecticut, a great
mechanical genius, invented a machine cutting
by horse power, the thread of iron screws, with
cold chisel, made and set for this purpose.
Before this, no man had ever been able otherwise
than by the small hand chisel and hammer, or
rather in Europe or America. Such an invention,
at this day, would be a fortune. But there
were then no means, even of handing down his
memory as an inventor.

It is well known that a portion of the im-
provement in the Patent Office, directly appli-
cable to the farmer, such as the reaper and
implements of husbandry, of which there are
many specimens; and some of them valuable
improvements; ploughs, carts, harrows, corn
and seed planters, horse rakes, thrashing ma-
chines, and flax dressers. The winnowing mill,
now in common use, is an instance of the in-
calculable value of labor saving machines. No
one can have an idea of its comparative value,
who has not lived long enough to remember the
old wooden Corn Pans, imported from Europe,
and used in all cases where the riddle and the
wind would not answer. Besides these, and
such as these, there are very valuable labor-
saving instruments, used in common engineering,
of which the house or ash shovel is one, though
never patented by itself."

From the American.

I find that some inadvertence the name of
a place has been omitted in my Geographical
Dictionary, to which the existing war between
Russia and Turkey has given considerable inter-
est. The place is Shumla, Shumla, Chumla,
Tchumla, &c. as it is spelled in all these forms,
and in every one probably mis-spelled, and
to give any correct idea of the place and lo-
cal cases of its importance, it is necessary to
observe that the mountain nucleus of Hymus,

which has since been called the Foreign Stock
Exchange. The business is generally of greater
magnitude and greater interest than the business
at Lloyd's. None are admitted but such as have
been recommended and upon examination have
given satisfactory evidence of integrity and the
transacted through the medium of brokers, who,
while they hide the principal and their negotia-
tions by superior acquaintance and skill. When
one of them receives an order either to buy or
sell, the customary method is, to proclaim some
part or the whole of his intention, and he is di-
rectly surrounded by a large number of other bro-
kers, who, either for themselves, or in the execu-
tion of the contracting brokers, who are the
witnesses in the case, though generally held re-
sponsible for the due performance on the part of
their principals. The consols or consolidated
stocks, so termed from several kinds of Govern-
ment obligations having been consolidated into
one, are from their great amount, the object of
prime interest. When we add to these the
other British stocks constituting a sum, the an-
nual interest of which is equal to six times the
whole revenue of the United States,—and to
these the immense loans to most of the Govern-
ments of Europe and America, and still to these
the stocks of the E. India Company, the Bank
of England, and of all the other corporations of
the Kingdom, we have an amount, the transac-
tions in which, in their very centre and focus,
must create an immense excitement.

But the principal cause of excitement remains
to be stated. For in addition to the transactions
of real sale and delivery, there is a great num-
ber of "jobs" where no delivery is intended, and
which partake very largely of speculation if not
of gambling. These bargains are made in form,
as we have described above, except that a larger
proportion of them are "for account," or in
other words, the delivery is agreed, shall be
placed upon the "day of account" or "settle-
ment," which occurs once in six weeks, and upon
which all negotiations must be carried into ef-
fect, but in fact it is only intended, that on that
day the losing party shall pay the difference.

For instance, A sells to B, 10,000 Consols at
87 per cent. "for account." If on the day of
account the price is 86, then B will pay to A
1000, and each 1-8 of one per cent. to his broker,
and the transaction is cancelled, or rather the
two brokers will adjust the matter, the principal
not being made known to each other, and may
be a father and his son. It is to be sure one rule
of the game that the seller may deliver the stock
and demand payment in money if he chooses, but
this right, though existing, is only to be used in
extreme cases. It is easy to see that these ne-
gotiations may be entered into where there is no
stock in the possession of either party, and that
such a state of things is calculated to draw out
a great number of adventurers, not only among
the bankers and other persons whose occupation
it is to deal in this way, but gentlemen of for-
tune and leisure, and indeed, any body who can
procure a broker to guarantee his contracts.

And so it turns out, for a large number of per-
sons are always so deeply interested as to pro-
duce extreme sensitiveness throughout the Ex-
change, to all news calculated to affect the
price. It will be perceived that the men engaged
in this business must be constantly divided into two
classes; those who believe that the stock will
fall, have become fictitious sellers, and those who
believe that they will rise have become equal-
ly fictitious buyers. The former on account, as
we suppose of their ferocious efforts to pull down
the prices, have received the characteristic name
of Bears, and the latter, from their still necks,
their efforts to toss up the price, or some other
equally ridiculous name, have received that of
Bulls. But if, on the day of account, any one
of them is unable to pay up his losses, his name
is posted on the black board, and by a very sud-
den metamorphosis he becomes a *Lame Duck*,
and to keep him out of danger or for some other
reason, he is not permitted to appear again until
his wounds are cured. The two first names at
least are fairly enough assumed by the parties
themselves, for there are no *honest* *honest* *honest*
men's' not allowed by either of them to accom-
plish their opposite purposes. It is chiefly by
them that so many rumours of war, and so many
embassies of peace are gotten up, and so many
battles fought and victories lost or won, and it is
from them, that the German newspapers, those
great manufacturers of reports, receive a large
part of their raw material. We scarcely have
an arrival from England but that the Exchange
was left under the agitation of some grand re-
velation, and it must be confessed that on the side of the Atlan-

tic.

A WILD MAN.

Nuremberg, July 30, 1824.—The attention
of our philosophical public has been directed for
some weeks past, to the investigation of a very
extraordinary phenomenon, which, unless the
whole be an imposture, may prove important in
the investigation of mind. About a month ago
there appeared in this city, a young man of about
twenty years of age, well proportioned, and of
a friendly complexion, he was at first a very
walk with difficulty, he had a very expressive still,
and quite unused to mounting steps. He was
poorly dressed, and carried a letter with him,
in which was expressed that he might be
admitted among the cavity. His knowledge of
the world seemed extremely limited, and he spoke
and understood but very few words. From what
has been collected from him, it seems that he
had been shut up in a room, about six feet
high, from his infancy, during which time he
never saw but had been being a man who
brought him his provisions, and whom he called
his father. He was kept very clean, and had
two little wooden horses to play with, but was
beaten with a stick whenever he attempted to
stand upright. There was a window in the
room, from which every prospect was denied
by a pile of wood placed close before it, and
the situation of the room seems to have been
such as to exclude sound as well as sight.
From this confinement he was at last released,
his keeper, who, after a full journey of two days,
brought him to the gates of this city, where he
gave him the letter, and exposing him in enter-
tain him. He has no least memory of any
things, and the terms of which are easily dis-
tinguished, from his pronouncing them differently
from those of his original stock, and for every
one of the latter he can account himself, by

IT HAS NEVER FAILED.
 HIS medicine, the never-failing power of which is proved by references to ladies of the greatest society in this city, can always be had of No. 100 N. 1st St., where application can be made either personally.



